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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

May this holy Christmas tide
Bring thee wealth untold, untried,
Bring thee friendship, love and lore,
All thy heart hath counted o'er,
Every gift thy soul hath sought,
Every joy thy hope hath wrought,
Lay earth's kingdoms at thy feet,
Crown thy life a thing complete.

Nay, if this too little be,
I'll enlarge my wish for thee:
Still a nobler hope be mine,
Still a rarer gift be thine,—
Heaven's own peace within the breast
And the treasure in the quest.

Evelyn H. Walker in "Lincoln Centre Leaves."

CONTENTS

Christmas Greetings. 259
Memorial Books for Christmas 261
Alexander Kent 262
Books of the Year 262
THE PULPIT—
The Old Testament Apocryphal Books. II. Rev. J. T. Sunderland 263
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 266
The Message of Jesus. Althea A. Ogden 266
A Letter from Honolulu. E. T. K. 266
A Christmas Song. Evelyn H. Walker 266
On The Mountain Top. *The Youths' Companion* 267
A Present for Little Boy Blue. *J. W. Foley* 267
Stick Dolls. *Bertha Loeke* 267
THE WATCH TOWER— 268
The Rainbow Road. *Maurice Louis Nathan* 268
THE FIELD—
The Christmas Legend. A. Judson Rich 269
Foreign Notes. M. E. H. 269

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII · THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908 · NUMBER 17

Christmas Greetings

For the thirty-first time UNITY hails its readers with a

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The number of papers permitted to count so many years under the one management, with the same; message, and with what we flatter ourselves to be a large percentage of the same readers must be comparatively few.

UNITY is doing business at the old stand, in the old way, with as many of the old friends as are permitted to remain and such new friends as have been given to it.

Today a truce to current events, to hot civic questions and old theological battles. Men, books, theories, come and go; religious weeklies are born and die; churches wax strong and wane, but the Christmas message of "Peace on earth, good will to men," abides forever more. Christmas, the sun festival of the human heart as well as of nature, never grows old. At other times its source, origin and nature may be discussed; this week let us enjoy it; let love be felt, not discussed; practiced, not preached; let even duty put on a smiling face.

Helen Keller, in her last book, one more surprise and delight, gives a graphic account of a dream in which she thought the frigid zone was bearing down upon us, the world slowly but surely being enveloped in the death clutches of ice. But when she awoke the aroma of spring, with its buds and its blossoms, greeted her. So does every Christmas relieve the anxious heart which fears the world is growing cold, life is being chilled and progress frosted, with the assurance that the sun is still potent, spring is in the air and growth sure and inevitable.

May the Merry Christmas of this week strike inward and make our work more hearty, our service more willing; may it reveal to us the abiding interest, the never old and always new causes which are the same now as they were thirty-one years ago and will be the same thirty-one years hence when the present writer and reader will have gone on. May the old UNITY be there to bid a Merry Christmas to its new readers in 1939 A. D.

The National Child Labor Committee, 105 E. 22nd St., New York City, issues over one hundred separate pamphlets dealing with various phases of this problem, and they are all at the service of investigators. No more fitting Christmas thought can emanate from the mind of those who have inherited the Christian legacy than the thought of the little ones who are not only manger-born, a matter of little import, but who are manger-reared, doomed to a childhood less cared for than the manger-fed oxen and asses. Saturday and Sunday, January 23 and 24, are set apart by this society as Child Labor days. Let the ministers who have not already brought this message home to their people send for the material that will help them to preach at least one sermon of which the congregation will take notice.

Apropos to the Lincoln celebration, we anticipate further detail notices of two beautiful memorial tablets, 20in.x12in., which have recently been installed in the vestibule of Abraham Lincoln Centre, the one containing the tender Farewell Address of Lincoln on his leaving Springfield, the other, the immortal Gettysburg Address. Arrangements have been made by which duplicates of these tablets can be furnished. In bronze, the price is one hundred dollars per pair; in "fused metal," which is rustless and effective, twenty-five dollars per pair; the same, with gilt-faced letters, twenty-eight dollars per pair. Every church, high school, college hall and court house in the land should have a set of these tablets, and the centennial of the birth of the great President would be a fitting time to unveil the same. Orders should be sent to the Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

"International peace, the settlement of questions between labor and capital and the readapting religion to the needs of the times"—these are the three "great opportunities" which Dr. Hirsch last Sunday said wait upon the modern Jew. A splendid program, as true and high outside as inside of Judaism; indeed, facing these great questions, there is no "inside" or "outside"; they are the tasks of the serious and the progressive in all the churches. Islam, as well as vast sections of Christianity, is facing these opportunities today with more or less heartiness. We would venture to add a fourth to the triple inspirations of our neighbor, *viz.*, the woman question in its larger proportions, which reach into the economic problems of child and woman labor, into the home problem of divorce and proper rearing of the child, into the state problems of suffrage and the larger housekeeping—sanitation, education, charities, reform and the proper care of dependent wards. Here are problems enough

to enlist the energy and provoke the devotion in all faiths, and in proportion as they yield to these larger inspirations will they be lifted out of the petty imbecilities of creed, sect and sex delusions.

Church anniversaries are common, quarter-centennials, semi-centennials and centennials are beginning to be celebrated even in the West, but too little appreciation of the historic value of such occasions is still manifest; too little pains is taken to perpetuate the things said and done, so that those who come after may begin where their fore-elders left off. This charge cannot be made against the First Congregational Society of New Bedford, Massachusetts, which celebrated its centennial last May, and which had another centennial of background. The story of this society is the story of New England religious life written small, the story of the development of Unitarianism written not so small. A church that counts as its pastors such men as Doctors West, Peabody, Morrison, John Weiss and William G. Potter has a story worth reading. The Free Religious Association, the child of Unitarian narrowness and subsequently the victim of Unitarian breadth, is intimately associated with the story of the New Bedford church. W. J. Potter, gentle, fearless Pastor, served that association for many years as its wise Secretary and President. At one time Ralph Waldo Emerson supplied the pulpit for six months, but the whole story is worth reading and the elegant pamphlet is worth studying.

It is none too early to get ready for the Lincoln Centennial. At the Abraham Lincoln Centre plans are being laid for a week's jubilee, the details of which may serve as a suggestion to others. Sunday morning, February 7, the Sunday-school will talk and sing and think Lincoln; Sunday evening a stereopticon exhibit of the life and career of Lincoln; Monday evening, opening meting of the Religious Education Association; a Lincoln Night; on Tuesday evening "The Abraham Lincoln that Survives," being the last in the course of six lectures on the Life and Work of Abraham Lincoln, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered before the University Extension Department of the University of Chicago at the Centre; on Wednesday or Thursday night an old time merry-making where simple dresses and old fashioned cotillion and quadrille dance will be indulged in. It will be an archaeological study, not a caricature, of the joys and beauties of the backwoods. On Friday at eleven a. m., the Head Resident of Lincoln Centre will give the Lincoln address before the students and faculty of the Wisconsin State University at Madison; in the evening he will enter into the programs of the city; on Saturday evening there will be a banquet at which provision will be made for three hundred guests to eat, sing and listen to poet and orator interpret the great life; on Sunday morning, the 14th, an effort will be made to life the centennial occasion to prayer levels through the pulpit ministrations. Let all the churches throughout this grateful land do something like this only better.

Of the many calendars that reach the editorial table, that entitled "The Year of the Lord," made up of selections from the sermons and poems of William C. Gannett, by Frances W. Wile, would command the prime interest of our readers. Each week has a page; on each page the helpful thought or familiar poem greets the reader. It is neatly printed in two colors. To live with it a whole year, particularly of one followed the quotations to heir proper settings, would be to take a course in spiritual training.

It is a very legitimate ambition of Axel Lunderberg and his associates to bring the old Scandinavian classics "in their original graudeur" within reach of the English-speaking world. In this series Mr. Lunderberg has issued a little booklet on "Swedenborg's Relation to Some of the Problems of Our Time," such as "Materialism," "Biblical Criticism," "Capital and Labor," "International Peace," "Marriage and Divorce," "Church Unity," etc. Swedenborg is too big a man to be buried within the palings of a religious denomination, even though it be one bearing his own name and seeking to perpetuate his message. It is deplorable to find a great man fettered by his admirers. Lutheranism, Calvinism, Swedenborgianism, are deplorably inadequate interpretations of Luther, Calvin and Swedenborg. Emerson, Carlyle and their peers found a place for Swedenborg among the great spiritual forces of the world, and possibly he is today most honored and best represented outside rather than inside of his fold. Anyhow, this little pamphlet from the Nunc Licet Press of Philadelphia challenges study.

Chicago has just passed through its annual humiliation. The "First Ward Ball," the annual "function" of "Hinky-Dink" and "Bath House John," by which the local campaign fund of disreputable politics is replenished, took place in the Coliseum. There was the usual shameless parade of the vulgarities and dissipations of the under-world, attracting the curious, blase representatives of the "World." There were plenty of "gentlemen" in full dress and "ladies" in the kind of "costumes" that in more respectable displays would tax the ingenuity of the society reporter. But through all this obscenity and inebriety were most palpable. The police system of a great city stood by and looked on, and the owners of the Coliseum, men and probably women of standing, consented to be landlords for such tenants, for rent. It is a far cry from the "Derby" at the Coliseum to the South Shore Country Club which the newspapers report as

"one of the most exclusive clubs in the city," but a close connection was established when last Sunday one "society man" threw a dish of salad at another society man, soiling the immaculate shirt front, creating a disturbance which caused respectable wives to retire. The man had to be "taken out, taken home, and put to bed," and all the newspapers had to say next morning was that it was only a "slight affair." The South Shore Club is in a very respectable neighborhood, in a boasted "dry territory." By ingenious evasion of the law, those who have money enough and who are sufficiently select, are able to have the "ardent" ever at hand, and "nice people" take their little children there. Respectable men and women go from their Sunday morning worship, if indeed they do not cut it out altogether, to dine and wine their friends at this club. It is not within the limits of an editorial note to specify the connections between the Coliseum affair and this, but connection there is and it does not need a course of sociology to discover the same.

Professor Ross, of the Wisconsin University, before the Ethical Culture Society last Sunday called attention to the large "depersonalizing of business management" as one of the dangers of the commercialism of our day. We hope the experts in college circles will help the public to realize the extent to which this is already carried and to reveal the far-reaching injustice connected therewith. A great capitalist dies, leaves his estate in the hands of administrators whose duties reach through a whole generation of life, during which time a vast estate, an active business, intimately associated with the well being of thousands of individuals, the living tissue of the community, the higher interests of the state and the city, who furnish protection to the property. But it is rendered immune to the calls of charity or obligation to the public, aside from the paying of taxes, which it is the business of the trustees to keep down as much as possible. These trustees turn a deaf ear to all claims upon the estate on the score that they are "administering a sacred trust for the dead." Who is taking care of the "sacred trust" of the living? Meanwhile the dead man, who could not take the property with him, blocks the wheels of progress and chills the social atmosphere. Again, a great corporation secures control of a public utility, builds vast plants, aggregates a great population of men, women and children in the neighborhood of its works or activities. Such an aggregation brings its inevitable tale of weakness and wickedness, disease and poverty, but the "Directors" of such an aggregation are widely scattered; the heaviest stock-holders live a thousand or more miles away; many of its share-holders, "the widows and orphans of the company," are globe-trotting or permanently bide away beyond the seas, and the "local management" is always "helpless"; it must take care of the interests of the country; it has no discretion in the matter. So, here again, the responsibilities and the interests that would be recognized by individual activities of this kind or smaller companies are entirely evaded by the depersonalized concern. What is to be done about it? To answer this, the growth of individual conscience and the expression of a social conscience in wiser laws and more just regulations are imperative demands.

Memorial Books for Christmas

To the friends of liberal thought in the West, of a religion that is at once tender and free, devout and bold, the Christmas season brings two significant publications. We mention the last first,—the handsome volume on David Swing, Poet-Preacher, by Joseph Fort Newton. Our readers have already been charmed by the delicacy, truthfulness and literary skill of these papers as they appeared from time to time in the pages of UNITY. The volume bears the imprint of the Unity Publishing Company ($2.00) and is in every way a volume worthy the subject matter. It ought to have a large sale, not only among those who came within the spell of the poet-preacher, but among those who are still open to conviction on the high lines on which Professor Swing traveled.

A more obscure and less effective public speaker was Charles William Pearson, but still in every way he was a priest after the order of David Swing, a poet-preacher indeed. If his prose fell somewhat short of that of the Music Hall preacher, his poetry, in volume and quality, exceeded that of Swing's. Professor Pearson will be long remembered by successive classes of the Northwestern University as the sympathetic interpreter of literature. It was a case of poet setting himself to the task of interpreting poets. But the time came when this earnest, honest Methodist, and son of a Methodist, must speak out. He had taken counsel of his age, been in fellowship with his peers in the class room, and so he tenderly but heroically severed the ties that bound him to the work and workers he loved and became for a time the quiet though diligent and effective minister of the Unitarian church of Quincy, Illinois, where his beautiful work was interrupted by his death. And now there remain three attractive volumes,—one of poetry, one of literary and biographical essays, and another book of sermons, aptly called "The Search After Truth." The poetry reveals the meditative, dreamy side of the man; the essays show the diligent scholar, the wide reader and the careful interpreter, ranging from early American poetry through Pope, Macaulay, Tennyson, to Browning, Ruskin, Martineau, Washington and Lincoln. The volume of sermons contains the ripened words of a man who knew the closet connections with the Eternal. "Prayer," "The Uses of Adversity," "The Message of God," "Thy Kingdom," "The

Psalms," "Blessed are the Peace Makers" are some of the titles of the twenty-one discourses.

The writer is almost reconciled to the crush of business that necessitated this belated notice, for the mention of them in the pages of UNITY in its Christmas number is most fitting and timely. These three volumes, which are sold at three dollars per set, will make a rich addition to the library shelves of those who love an undogmatic religion, and will be a most efficient tool in the workshop of the minister who is trying to preach to the higher files and to lead his hearers onward and upward in thought as well as in feeling, in feeling because of thought.

Alexander Kent

Those who were in attendance at the meeting that organized the Congress of Religion in 1894 in Sinai Temple, Chicago, may remember the shy, modest, earnest man from Washington. Readers of UNITY have, at intervals too rare, received tidings more or less direct of the quiet but valuable work carried on in that city under the name of "The People's Church" and under the lead of Doctor Kent. And now the good shepherd has been called to his reward and those who were folded by his care, "Gentiles and Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Free Thinkers and Quakers, representing many countries and climes."—thus runs the tribute in the local paper,—mourn the loss of a shepherd kind and true.

The funeral services were simple and impressive, as became the occasion. "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me" were the hymns sung. The pastors of the Universalist and Unitarian churches took part.

Dr. Kent was born in Nova Scotia seventy-seven years ago. He served to the last and leaves an unfinished work. Where is the man to take the shepherd's crook in one hand and the lamp of truth in the other and continue the lead? We can find no more fitting words for the memorial of Dr. Kent than those spoken by the bier by his friend and parishioner, George H. Shibley, President of the People's Rule League of America, a benefactor and supporter in many ways of UNITY. He said in part:

"Seventeen years ago, when the People's Church was established, this was a more unpopular cause than it is today. Conservatism prevailed. This was vigorously yet scientifically attacked by the forceful and eloquent preacher, backed by a congregation, each member of whom had joined because he believed in Dr. Kent's message.

"The great value that this has been to the country can scarcely be overestimated. Here at the nation's capital for seventeen years a forceful and sane thinker has preached each Sunday, and the reforms he has advocated have gradually gained ground. All are on their way to fruition.

"The dominant notes in his work have been thoroughness and far-sightedness.

"The rock on which he built is that this universe is a moral universe; a universe of law and order that is developing toward higher levels.

"To understand the lines of development one must carefully study what is taking place around about him and carefully trace the history of each institution.

"Dr. Kent did this. He studied all the latest books on social science and political science. He studied these along with social philosophy, and he saw clearly the end toward which society is developing. He worked to hasten its progress and he possessed patience and persistency.

"Sunday after Sunday he gave masterful addresses on widely separated subjects, each one coupled with sound ethics. This, combined with an eloquent delivery, coming from a being consumed with a desire for his brothers' welfare, and who foresaw what might be done, created an impression on us that is greater than we suspected. There is a feeling aroused by soul-stirring appeals that deeply affects one. It is this personal appeal that brings about the great religious revivals, as well as the social ones.

"The entire world is developing and in some of the more advanced countries the political changes he advocated have taken place and are bringing about the needed social and economic changes. Here in our great republic the knowledge concerning these advancements is generally understood, and the moral nature of the entire country is aroused. So you see the main part of the fight has been won. All that remains is to carry into effect the dominant public opinion; and then in a people's government go forward with the political, social and economic developments.

"Having outlined our leader's achievements, let us in this open book of his life's work ascertain the central meaning. It is that there has been a great purpose in his life. He was given a great work to do and he did it manfully. The People's Church was the instrument through which he worked. It was called into being for that purpose. Every member has been in full sympathy and the church has not been so large as to tax his strength. This gave time for study. The subject matter required deep study, for social science is a complicated field. Well can we say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The following is a resolution passed by the society:

"Dr. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church, was a kind, true and useful member of the community. No person took a more profound interest in the welfare and progress of humanity than did he. He was ever a student, as well as a teacher, ever studying the problems of life, mind and society, and presenting his conclusions for the enlightenment and benefit of others. His tendency to error was all on the side of his kindness of heart; for he took no delight in making others unhappy, and was more inclined to acquiesce, for the time being, at least, in the conclusions of others than to occasion pain and discomfort by combating them. Yet he was a careful observer and logical reasoner, and fearless in his utterance of what he believed to be the truth."

The Secular League of Washington, D. C.

We will not say that UNITY extends its sympathy to the bereaved family and parish, for there is too much glory in the grief; we send congratulations to those who are so richly endowed.

Books of the Year

The most satisfactory books of the year to me have been, in fiction, "The Servant in the House." In biography, the lives of Dr. George Matheson and Alice Freeman Palmer. In connection with Matheson's life his two volume "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" contained the cream of his life study and experience and are rich in suggestion. Yours truly, Archibald Hadden, pastor First Congregational Church, Muskegon, Mich.

The three most interesting and inspiring books I have read in 1908 are: Dr. Crooker's "The Church of Today," "Daughters of the Puritans," published by A. U. A., and "Gypsy Smith's Autobiography"—Revell & Co. Yours truly, Rev. J. L. Douthit, Shelbyville, Ill.

I would mention the books of Mathews and Rauschenbusch as general stimulants, but not in my department of "social technology." For general purposes I like to name now Bliss, *Encyclopedia of Social Reform* (1908, new edition), the best single book for religious leaders. Prof. Coolidge, revision of A. G. Warner's classic, *American Charities* (1908); L. H. Bailey, *The State and The Farmer*, and K. Butterfield, *Chapter in Rural Progress*. Maurice Parmelee, *Principles of Anthropology* and *Sociology* in their *Relations* to *Criminal Procedure*. Mr. Hard's articles in *Everybody's*, the most telling argument for social legislation I have seen. They will appear in a pamphlet. Yours cordially, C. R. Henderson, University of Chicago.

The Old Testament Apocryphal Books.*

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

II.

In a preceding article a general account was given of that interesting and important body of literature known as "Apocryphal," which came into existence within two centuries or so of the birth of Christ, which throw so much light upon the centuries that intervene between the close of the Old Testament and the opening of the New, and which we now know exerted so large an influence upon Jesus and his disciples and upon early Christianity. The purpose of the present article is to take up the more famous of these writings—the fourteen known as the "Old Testament Apocryphal Books"—and give a brief account of each. In undertaking to do so, however, we should not make the mistake of supposing that we are going to find all of equal value. As a fact they vary greatly in quality and worth. The order in which we usually see them arranged is not chronological, nor does there seem to be any reason for it; but since it is the common order it will be best for us to follow it.

First Esdras.—This book is hardly more than another form of the Old Testament Canonical books of Ezra and Nehemiah combined into one. Those books were originally written in Hebrew. In this work we have the main story which they tell retold by a later writer in Greek, with certain transpositions and inversions and legendary additions. The work does not add anything to the historical material which the older books give us.

One short episode, however, is very interesting, if not as history at least as literature. It is an account of a supposed contest of wit in the presence of King Darius of Persia. The King has made a great feast. After the guests have departed three young men connected with the royal household agree each to write a sentence naming what he believes to be the strongest thing in the world, and place the result under the King's pillow to be read by him when he rises in the morning. They carry out their agreement. In the morning the King discovers the three pieces of writing and commands that they shall be read before an assembly of his courtiers summoned for the purpose. The first writing maintains that wine is the strongest thing in the world; the second that the King is the strongest, and the third that women are stronger than the other two, but that truth is strongest of all. Each writer states his reasons for his claim, and they are all very apt. The verdict of those who listen is that the third is victor, and that truth is stronger than all else. It is here that we find that magnificent sentence, quite worthy of a place beside the noblest utterances in the Bible: "Truth abideth, and is strong for evermore." We are told that when the company heard this, they shouted and said, "Great is Truth and strong above all things."

Second Esdras.—This book is of much later date than the first, indeed it was probably written after the birth of Jesus, and may be regarded as representing ideas that were widely prevalent in Palestine during his lifetime. It belongs to that large class of writings known as Apocalyptic, concerning which a few descriptive or explanatory words may not be out of place.

During the two centuries preceding and the two following the birth of Christ no writings were more popular among the Jewish people than Apocalypses, and none exerted a greater influence upon late Palestinian Judaism and upon early Christianity. Quite a dozen are still in existence, while the titles are known of others that have been lost. One of these Apocalyptic writings found a place in the Old Testament (the book of Daniel), and one in the New Testament (Revelation). A third appears here among the Apocrypha, in the form of this book of 2 Esdras. A fourth, a work of great influence in its day (the book of Enoch), is quoted in the Epistle of Jude, but it did not succeed in obtaining admission to either Testament, or to the Old Testament Apocrypha.

The general characteristics of all these Apocalyptic writings are much the same, whether the writings were produced before the Christian movement began or afterward, by Jews who knew nothing of Christianity or by Jews who had become Christians. They are a kind of prophecy in which the imagination of the writer usually finds wide scope. They indulge much in symbolic visions of the future. Their main theme is the final triumph of good over evil and of the people of God over their enemies. They are often fanatical and fantastical, and yet they command our respect by their sincerity and passionate earnestness. To a greater or less degree they are utterances of pain, of anxiety, of faith struggling with despair. They are cries of an oppressed and suffering people longing and waiting and praying for deliverance from their foes—disappointed and baffled a hundred times over, yet hoping against hope, and keeping their faith alive by painting for themselves pictures of miraculous and wonderful ways in which they dream their God may send them deliverance at last. Very naturally the thought of a great Leader in the deliverance, to be specially raised up by God for the purpose, a Messiah, has a large place in this Apocalyptic literature. It is from these writings that the Messianic idea comes into Christianity. The Jewish Apocalypses make no reference to Jesus; but the Christian Apocalypses portray Jesus as the Messiah; and the deliverance which they seek is that of the Christian church from its enemies.

It is enough to say of this Second Book of Esdras that it is a good representative of these Apocalypses. Though written so late it is thoroughly Jewish, showing no signs of being influenced by Christianity. "It is a wail of bitter disappointment over the hard fate of Judea; but the persuasion finally prevails that, however dark the present, the Lord cannot withhold his mercy forever, and the appearance of his anointed one cannot be long delayed."

Tobit and Judith.—The Old Testament contains two books which very properly have been called romances, namely, Ruth and Esther. Among the Old Testament Apocrypha there are also two romances, which are quite worthy to rank with the earlier productions. They are Tobit and Judith.

The Book of Tobit is a story of the Captivity. It is a charming idyl of Hebrew life in exile. It is full of simple piety, and also full of a tender spirit of humanity. Among the Captives taken away from Palestine to Nineveh is an honest Israelite, Tobit by name, who, as the years go by, gets for himself a comfortable and happy home in the new land, and accumulates a competency, a part of which he intrusts to a Jewish banker in distant Media. By and by mis-

* A New Chapter from the Revised and Much Enlarged Edition of Mr. Sunderland's book, "The Origin and Character of the Bible," which will soon be published by the American Unitarian Association.

fortunes befall Tobit; he and his Hebrew brethren are persecuted; his possessions are confiscated, and by a sudden misfortune he loses his sight. He has no resource left him except to send away and get the money which he has placed in the keeping of his far-away friend. Who shall go? It must be his son Tobias, who, however, is so young that a traveling companion is needed for him. One is found in another young man named Azarias. The two set out on the long journey together. Before they reach the end they come to the city of Ecbatana where relations of Tobias live. So the two resolve to stop for a visit. In the home where they are entertained is a very winsome young lady named Sara, with whom Tobias very naturally falls in love. The accommodating Azarias volunteers to make the rest of the journey alone, leaving Tobias to do his courting. When Azarias comes back bringing the money, the lovers are married; and the happy three return to Ninevah. Azarias turns out to be an angel, who, by his superhuman wisdom and kindness, has brought all this good fortune. He restores sight to the happy old man, and then disappears.

The details of the story are quaint and curious, including impossibilities that remind one of the Arabian Nights, and with all the rest, not a little bad geography. But a more delightful picture of the simple, kindly, God-fearing life of an old-time Hebrew family in the Orient it would be hard to conceive.

Very different is the story of Judith. This is not a romance of domestic piety and love, but of intense patriotism and the most heroic daring. Judith is one of the striking characters of fiction. She is a second Jael, a woman Brutus, a Hebrew Charlotte Corday. Many are the artists who have essayed to paint her, splendidly arrayed, commanding in figure, of rare beauty, holding in her hand the head of Holofernes, the Assyrian General, whom by her cunning she has brought under her power, and slain, to save her city from the destruction which he was bringing upon it. The story of her deed is powerfully told—the reasons for it, the results that came from it, and the consummate skill and bravery with which she accomplished her terrible task. There will always be difference of opinion about the ethics involved in this story. But as to the strength and literary quality of the narrative, as well as the courage and patriotism of the heroine, there does not seem room for difference of view.

The Rest of the Chapters of the Book of Esther.—All scholars agree that the book of Esther is not history, but fiction. This group of brief Apocryphal writing consists of certain additions which some unknown author has seen fit to make to the original book. Naturally the additions are as much fiction as the book itself; nor do they add much, if anything, to its literary value. Probably they were written by some one who wanted to make the book seem more religious. Esther has been criticised by certain writers because it does not contain the name of God. The author of these additions (seemingly some pious Jew) seeks to remove that defect by adding a section in which there is plentiful use made of the divine name. All the craft and hate and cruelty of the original book are left, and indeed more still are added; but since references to God are often brought in, the religious character of the book is supposed to be much improved. Alas, how much was this old apocryphal writer like so many men in all ages since, who have imagined that evil can somehow be made into good if only it be associated with a sufficient array of pious words.

The Wisdom of Solomon.—This is a great book. Although much shorter than several of the other Apocryphal writings, in literary excellence and in ethical and spiritual quality it is clearly entitled to a first place among them.

It ought not to be associated with the name of Solomon, for it was not written until a thousand years after Solomon's time. It belongs to the "Wisdom Literature" of Israel, and hence is to be classed, in a way, with the Old Testament books of Job, Ecclesiastes and Proverbs; but it is much more philosophical, and we may say religious, than any of these except Job. Probably its author lived in Alexandria, which in a measure would account for the Greek element in its thought, and especially for the fact that its conception of wisdom is quite as much Greek as Hebrew. This conception approaches near to the "Logos Doctrine" of the Alexandrian Philo, and to the echo or reflection of that doctrine found in the New Testament in the prologue to the Fourth Gospel. The following sentences show how exalted is the conception of wisdom found in this Apocryphal book.

"She (Wisdom) is a breath of the power of God and a clear effluence of the glory of the Almighty." "She is an effluence from everlasting life, and an unspotted mirror of the working of God, and an image of his goodness." "She reneweth all things; passing into holy souls she maketh them friends of God and prophets." "She is fairer than the sun and, above all, the constellations of the stars; being compared with light she is found to be before it; for to the light of day succeedeth night, but against Wisdom evil doth not prevail." These sentences illustrate at once the high literary quality of the book and the subtlety and depth of its religious thought.

It is worthy of note that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is much more clearly taught in this Apocryphal work than in any part of the Old Testament. Here are some of its strong statements: "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; in the eyes of the unwise they seem to perish, but they are in happiness. . . . Their hope is full of immortality." "God created man for immortality and made him an image of his own eternity."

Even the teaching of the New Testament is not so unequivocal as this. Nearly everywhere the immortality that it teaches is associated with, if not conditioned upon, the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. But here we have the clear thought that the soul itself is immortal without reference to the physical body.

This noble book would not be out of place in either the Old Testament or the New.

Ecclesiasticus.—This is the only book of the Apocrypha of whose authorship we are sure. The book itself tells us that it was written by Jesus (the Greek form of the Hebrew name Joshua), son of Sirach Eleazer, of Jerusalem. Hence the name often given to it, "The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach." Its time of writing was probably nearly two centuries before Christ; hence we may set it down with considerable certainty as the oldest of the Apocryphal writings. As to its nature, it is a sort of Hebrew text-book in morals. Indeed, it has been declared to be the most complete text-book of practical morals that the religion of ancient Israel produced. In common with the preceding work it belongs to the Hebrew Wisdom Literature. Its kinship to the book of Proverbs is so close that one can easily imagine it to be a continuation of that production. It opens

with the praise of Wisdom which it personifies; it would have men love her, whose ways lead always to safety and peace.

In form much of the book is poetry; some translations give it a poetical form throughout. In Professor Moulton's arrangement it is a mixture of prose and poetry—that is, of short prose essays, on a great variety of subjects connected with the practical conduct of life, and of short poetical pieces—sonnets, epigrams, and others—upon similar practical themes. It shows much keen observation and much wise reflection. Many proverbs are scattered throughout its pages; some whole chapters are made up of proverbs. Some of its passages are perhaps the nearest approach to humor that we find in ancient Hebrew literature. The spirit of the book is human, manly, stimulating to right living, encouraging to a well ordered and earnest life. It is a thoroughly good book to read privately, and it contains many valuable lessons for reading in churches.

Baruch.—There was a man, a real historical personage, named Baruch. He was the associate and secretary of the Prophet Jeremiah, who lived at the beginning of the Captivity in Babylon, six centuries before Christ. This Apocryphal book is written in his name; but, of course, it was not actually written by him, for it did not come into existence until some hundreds of years after his death. This is a case similar to many which we have both in the Apocryphal writings and in the Old Testament, of associating with a book the name of some distinguished character of the past, perhaps with the thought of thereby adding a little to the dignity and standing of the work, or, possibly, with the idea of doing honor to the character named, as we today erect statues to great men of past times.

This book of Baruch is a sort of combined history and prophecy, associated both with Babylon and Jerusalem. But its supposed history is mainly legend; and its prophecy, though interesting and earnest and containing noble passages, is not of so much importance that it need detain us.

Song of the Three Holy Children. History of Susannah. Bel and the Dragon.—These three Apocryphal writings are often grouped together under the title of "Additions to Daniel." With two of them the name of the prophet Daniel is directly associated. "Bel and the Dragon" is a story of the same type as that of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which means that children always like it when it is read or told to them. The "History of Susannah" tells how Daniel rescued an innocent woman from two men who had plotted her ruin. The "Song of the Three Holy Children" is a hymn of thanksgiving which the three Hebrew young men who were cast into the fiery furnace are said to have sung in the midst of the flames.

The Prayer of Manasseh, King of Judah.—Of all the Kings of Judah perhaps Manasseh (or Manasses) was the worst. This prayer of repentence and contrition is supposed to have been offered by him on his death bed. As a prayer it is somewhat impressive. But the association of any such religious utterance with King Manasseh, either in life or death, is without historic warrant.

First and Second Maccabees.—These two books, with which the list of the Old Testament Apocryphal writings closes, are histories. But the second is not of much worth, partly because it is only a compilation covering the same ground (or a portion of the same ground) as the first, and partly because it contains so much that is legendary, exaggerated, miraculous and historically unreliable. We may therefore pass the second book by and confine ourselves to the earlier and more important work.

First Maccabees is a book of great historical value—simple, sober and straightforward in its narrative, well written, and in a high degree trustworthy. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that as regards these qualities it is quite the equal if not the superior of any of the historical books of the Old Testament. And it covers one of the most important periods in the history of Israel, that of the heroic—the almost superhumanly heroic—struggle for liberty made by the Jewish people under the leadership of the famous Maccabean family from the year 175 to the year 135 B. C.

Palestine was under the sway of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian Greek King who, in addition to other tyrannies, undertook to crush out the Jewish religion, and to plant the Greek in its place. The public worship of the Jews was everywhere forbidden. Their sacred books were burned. Every village in the land was required to erect an alter to the Greek gods and to offer sacrifices thereon each day. In Jerusalem the Temple was desecrated, and in it an altar was set up for the worship of the Olympian Zeus. This drove the Jews to frenzy. The consequence was a fierce revolt led by Judas Maccabeus, his father and four brothers, who, flying to the mountains, gathered around them there bands of men so devoted and desperate in their determination to protect their religious faith from destruction that they defeated every army that Antiochus could send against them. The struggle was long and terrible. Never was there seen more fiery religious zeal, sterner patriotism or more heroic valor than on the part of these men who were fighting for all that was dear to them. As a result, their religion was saved, the old worship was everywhere restored, the Temple was purified and once more dedicated to Jehovah. Even political freedom was won, and, for a brief period, a native Jewish government was set up again in Palestine.

Judas Maccabeus is not only a great name in Jewish history but it is one which will never cease to occupy an honored place among the patriots and religious heroes of the world.

One wonders that a work of such historical and religious value as the First Book of Maccabees, and narrating events so honorable to the Jewish race, should not have been given a place in their recognized Scriptures. Indeed it is one of the paradoxes of ecclesiastical history that a sacred volume which contains such writings as the books of Joshua, Judges, Kings, Chronicles, Ecclesiastes and Esther should all these centuries have remained closed against not only First Maccabees but Tobit, Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon.

Once we thought work was a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday it dawned upon us that is it a blessed privilege.

The day will surely come when the only man who is not respectable wll be the man who consumes but does not produce.

Do not run away from your difficulties—they are your friends.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—He doeth well that rather serveth the common weal than his own will.

MON.—Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

TUES.—No man doth safely rule, but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

WED.—He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

THURS.—Give me strength to resist, patience to endure and constancy to persevere.

FRI.—God is able to work more than man can understand.

SAT.—Thou wilt always rejoice in the evening, if thou hast spent the day profitable.

—Imitation of Christ—Thomas a Kempis.

The Message of Jesus

Long ago, far, far away,
  Came a little child to Earth,
Humble was his father's home,
  Low and mean his place of birth;
But this babe of birth so lowly
Brought a message high and holy
To all men the world around:
"Peace on Earth; Love for all;
God within"; this was his call.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
  "Lift his burden lest he fall;"
"Do to others as you would
  They should do to you in all;"
This the message high and holy,
Brought to men both great and lowly,
  "Peace on Earth; Love for all;
God within"; this was his call.

Never message rang so true,
  Heard still down the listening years,
Lifting men to noble deeds,
  Often moving them to tears.
Take the message, high and holy,
Learn its words, O great and lowly,
Send it all the world around;
"Peace on Earth; Love for all;
God within." This is his call.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

A Letter from Honolulu

Opposite the hotel at which we are staying is a most beautiful tropical garden. It is owned by Governor Cleghorn, who was governor of one of the islands under the monarchy and who married one of the royal princesses. He is a Scotchman, reserved and austere, but nevertheless full of fine sentiment and hospitality. He met us as we were walking up his driveway and we were introduced by a friend. His delightful direct truthfulness was amusingly illustrated by this little dialogue between him and one of our party. "A most charming day, Gov. Cleghorn," said the lady in a gushing tone, "to see this beautiful spot!" "Not at all," said he, with no rudeness but without a sign of deprecation at his contradiction. "Indeed, one could not have a worse day. This high wind does not allow one to enjoy the beauties of the garden." But the garden is lovely at any time. In the sweeping wind we glanced nervously up at the tall swaying cocoanut trees and hastened from under them for fear of having a heavy nut blown down upon our heads, but it was a "pleasing fear" and we were able to enjoy the tumultuous tossing of the cocoanut trees and royal palms. Many peacocks roam among the tropical shrubs, which are nearly as gaily colored as themselves. A little pond was edged with umbrella plants eight or ten feet high and covered with pink and blue and yellow water lilies with their flat green leaves. There was a grass hut made just as the natives used to make them except that there was more ventilation provided. These huts are picturesque at all times and are clean and comfortable when they are new, but the material does not meet the requirements of an American housekeeper and soon becomes filled with dirt and insects. Near Gov. Cleghorn's house is a wonderful banyan tree and not far from it a clump of Scotch heather. The banyan tree was planted at the birth of his daughter Princess Kaiulaui, about thirty-three years ago, and it now spreads over a circumference of 150 feet.

Gov. Cleghorn's wife, Princess Likiliki, was the sister of "Queen Lil" and the next in line of succession.

At her death the daughter, Kaiulaui, was the heir apparent and she was sent by her father to Scotland to be educated as would seem to best prepare her to be a queen. In that cold country the girl had an attack of rheumatism which affected her heart and she died a few years after reaching home. Her father lives on in his garden alone except for the friends whom he invites to stay with him. He is the guardian of the wonderful tropical vegetation which surrounds his house, and guardian besides of things which tell of the former greatness of this dusky race with which he is allied. In his house beside the picture of Queen Victoria hangs a portrait of King Kalakaua. Spears, calabashes, war clubs, and mats of great historic value crowd his spacious rooms.

The following poem and inscription was written by Robert Louis Stevenson on the fly leaf of a book given to Kaiulaui as she left Honolulu for Scotland:

"TO KAIULAUI.

Forth from her land to mine she goes,
The island maid, the island rose,
Light of heart and bright of face;
The daughter of a double race.
Her islands here in southern sun
Shall mourn their Kaiulaui gone,
And I in her dear banyan shade,
Look vainly for my little maid.
But our Scots' island far away
Shall glitter with unwonted day,
And cast for once their tempests by
To smile in Kaiulaui's eye.

"Written in April to Kaiulaui, in the April of her age, and at Waikiki, within easy reach of Kaiulaui's banyan.

"When she comes to my land and her father's and the rain beats upon her window (as I fear it will) let her look at this page; it will be like a weed gathered and pressed at home; and she will remember her own islands, and the shadow of the mighty tree; and she will hear the peacocks screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms; and she will think of her father sitting there alone." L. T. K.

Honolulu, I. H., December 2.

A Christmas Song

Ring, bells of Christ, your glad refrain,
  And wake the angel song
That once the solemn stillness broke
  Judean hills among.—

Not from the vanished angel bands,
  But woven of children's spells,
For they will sing the songs of peace,
  And they will ring the bells.

And they will bring the Christ again,
  And when the angel song
Is echoed clear in children's hearts
  'Twill sing away the wrong,

And then the shining wings of peace
  Shall fold us soft and still,
And Christmas love and Christmas joy
  Our gladdened hearts shall fill.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

On the Mountain Top

Over the mountains and through the streams rode the itinerant preacher, and behind him, on the horse, rode his little boy. On a long climb the father dismounted, and on the steep quarter-mile before the top the boy, too, trudged beside his father and the horse. On the top of the hill they paused for rest before remounting for the long ridge ride.

The view from the top was inspiring. Behind lay the foot-hills that receded into the blue-grass region, and ahead rose range after range of the Cumberland hills—the Log Mountains, the Pine Mountains, the Blue Ridge—and beyond Kentucky the hills of Tennessee, too far to be discerned through the haze, but surely there, beyond the last dim and crooked line that lifted itself, half-hill, half-cloud, against the autumn sky.

The lad found a chestnut tree, and was busy at its root. But the father looked this way and that way, with ever-increasing elevation of spirit; and when the lad returned from his search for nuts, the father was on his knees and praying aloud.

No one heard that prayer save God and the boy, and the boy did not tell of it until years afterward, and then could recall no word. But the spirit of the prayer became to him a life inspiration.

First of all, it was a prayer of rejoicing in the glory which God had displayed on earth—a glory filling the world with changing beauty, with the progress of the seasons; and even now, with the coming of winter, painting the forest with the splendor of God's love of beautiful things.

And then it was a prayer for the homes in sight from the mountain top—for those lying in plain view in the valleys near at hand, and those more distant, discerned by the little clearings or the ascending smoke of their hearthstones.

He prayed for the men and women in those homes, burdened with cares, and earning a scanty living from their hillside farms; for the boys and girls, many of them growing up without education; for the future of that hidden but hopeful region, into which he had come that he might give his life in service for these people.

The father lived till his head was white, then died, honored and beloved, having wrought mightily for the people of the Southern highlands.

The son made his way into the world, and won success as an inventor, but year by year he goes back again into the hills, where his father wrought, to stand beside his father's grave, and to perform an annual gift of love for the people of that region through an institution which is answering the father's prayer.

If ever in the passing year the problems have brought him to discouragements, or the world's temptations of wealth and power have inclined him to forget, the vision of that mountain top has returned to him, and he has seen again, and for the thousandth time, the kneeling figure of his father, and has heard again his prayer for all the homes in sight, and the boys and girls within them; and his heart has found a new baptism for service in the spirit of his father's prayer.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Present for Little Boy Blue

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue
  Whenever he goes by our yard;
And he says, "Good-morning" or "How-do-you-do?"
  But sometimes he winks awful hard.
I guess he don't know what my name really is,
  Or else he forgot, if he knew;
And my! You should think I am really part his—
  He calls me *his* Little Boy Blue!

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
  Once stood all his toys in a row,
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"—
  But that was a long time ago.
And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,
  He brought me a sled, all brand-new,
And smiled when he said it was partly for me
  And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,
  So he says the best he can do
Is try to get something to partly give me
  And partly give Little Boy Blue.
Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,
  And he said he knew it was true
That ever and ever so many folks had
  A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
  And said he would like to help trim
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
  It was partly for me and for him.
He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers,
  With popcorn and berries—you see,
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—
  He's not going to have any tree!

—*J. W. Foley in Saturday Evening Post.*

"Stick" Dolls

The Rogers children had come into the country to spend the summer at grandma's. It rained the first day, and the trunks had not come. "O dear!" said Jessie. "What shall we do?"

"If the trunks were only here, we could play with our dolls," replied Ethel. Elsie stood disconsolately looking out of the window, and then said, "Let's call grandma! Perhaps she can think of something new for us to play."

Grandma was always full of new ideas, and as soon as she saw the downcast looks, she said, "Children, how would you like to play 'stick' dolls?"

Being city children, and having all sorts of "store" dolls, "stick" dolls had never been heard of. "O grandma, let's play it!" they all said, for they were eager to play at something new.

Grandma left the room and soon returned with her apron full of twigs, leaves and cranberries. "Now," she said, "we'll first select a good-sized twig; that is for the doll's body. Then we'll put a cranberry on for the head, and for the dress we'll use a leaf, running the twig through the center. Now we have a very good stick doll. The next one we will dress up in a shawl and bonnet, using a small leaf for the bonnet and another size for the shawl, pinning them on with small twigs."

In this way a number of dolls were made, using the different kinds and sizes of leaves. It was fun for the children, and they soon forgot the rain in the pleasure of the game.

The day passed all too quickly, and when the weather was fine they went down to the orchard—just the place to play stick dolls. The children filled the hollows of the rock with moss and wild flowers, and they made such nice little houses for the dolls.

All that summer, and other summers, the children played stick dolls. They learned to know the different leaves and trees better, perhaps, than in any other way.

—*Bertha Locke.*

The Watch Tower.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

President Roosevelt and the Congress.

Whatever may have been intended by our frank and energetic executive, his reference to the action of Congress, in the amendment of the sundry civil appropriation act, relative to the secret service, certainly "stirred up the animals." It seems to us clear that the amendment "was of benefit to no one excepting. . . criminals," but is a distinctive hindrance to the prosecution of the unrighteous trusts and other violators of law. On the other hand, when the president said: "The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men," he seemed to charge all who voted for the amendment with being influenced by this fear—a public criticism not the less irritating because it was unintentional. With all his sincerity and loyalty to noble things, our president is still very "quick with his gun," as western cowboys perhaps need to be, but as civilized "brothers" are not. Surely a milder statement of facts would have accomplished the desired end much more quickly and without "bloodshed."

Selecting A New Cabinet.

Later prognostications seem to indicate a different body of advisers to President-elect Taft than appeared to the lookout on the Watch Tower last week. The press now asserts that Senator Knox of Pennsylvania has been given the portfolio now held by secretary Root. This may be a wise selection but we could wish some man with less of smirch on his clothes might be found for chief lieutenant. Is it all newspaper libel or has Senator Knox something less than a sturdy Quaker conscience? It is also announced that Mr. Wilson may be retained as secretary of agriculture, that Frank Hitchcock will be postmaster general, that Governor Magoon of Cuba will have the war department and Governor Herrick of Ohio the treasury berth. Mr. Loeb is spoken of for the navy and Jas. R. Garfield for the interior, but of course these again are only more or less justifiable guesses. There are not a few indications that Mr. Taft will be courteous and tactful and yet as a rule will hew to the line of his clear convictions. So mote it be!

The Second Conservation Conference.

Last May President Roosevelt called the first conference on the preservation of national resources, and the governors of some forty states as well as many congressmen and other officials came together at the White House. Recently a second gathering of similiar character was held in Washington addressed by the President, Secretary Taft, Governor Chamberlain of Oregon and many others. The President especially championed the development of waterways; Gov. Johnson of Minnesota said, "I believe the greatest investment this nation can make today is to construct a canal from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico." Sec'y Taft approved the plan of federal construction, the expense to be met by the issuing of bonds for a period of a year. Mr. Jas. Bryce, British Ambassador, brought a report from England and the continent which revealed the value of waterway development and showed it to be no hindrance to railway progress or success. The National Conservation Commission, appointed by the President last spring, brought in an exhaustive report of local needs and conditions, but their statement has not been made public as yet. The general sentiment seems to favor systematic action in the near future.

The American Red Cross Society.

The enormous sale of the "Christmas stamp" and the annual meeting of the Red Cross Society in Washington, two weeks ago has served to bring this movement into more prominent notice. Also the re-election of Mr. Taft as National President of the Society, the election of Ernest P. Bicknell of the Chicago Bureau of Charities as National Director—a new office just created—to give his entire time to the work of collecting and distributing relief, this marks a new era and an enlarged field of usefulness for the Red Cross movement. Hitherto the Society only collected, it did not supervise the distribution of relief, but in the future there will be no such difficulty as there was at San Francisco. The receipts from the sale of the Christmas stamp will be used to combat the "white plague" in all ways possible.

The Solid South.

That was a notable occasion in New York City when Walter H. Page, a recognized leader of the Southland, and President-elect W. H. Taft addressed the North Carolina Society, both pleading for a breaking up of the "solid" South and North alike. Mr. Page's address is given in full in the last *Outlook* and will repay reading. There seems good reason to hope that in the not distant future there will be no more "solid" South and no more unit voting of states for president. It would surely be worth while to try on real democracy in this country. Let every man in every state cast his vote directly for president and senators, instead of permitting a few party leaders to match votes for the privilege of controlling whole states. The larger and truer democracy is slowly but surely coming.

Two Salaries not Allowable.

A decision of Judge Chytraus last Friday, in the case of Homer Galpin, a state senator since 1904 and for the last two year clerk of the Municipal Court, was to the effect that no person can draw two salaries at the same time from state or national treasury. It is asserted that thirty members of the state legislature now hold other public positions and draw salaries therefor.

Protest Against Automobile "Scorchers."

At an indignation meeting in Roger's Park last Saturday night, a plan of campaign was adopted to secure the passage of a city ordinance limiting the speed of autos to twelve miles per hour and prescribing a sliding scale of penalties for violations of the law. The recent death of Phelps B. Hoyt, which occured in that suburb, and the presence at the meeting of several who had been seriously injured or even crippled for life, caused the unanimous adoption of vigorous resolutions looking to protective measures. Not revenge, but safety for life and limb is what these citizens ask for, and there is good reason for their demand.

Telephone Question Up Again.

Last week the Illinois Tunnel Company appealed to the Council Committee on Gas, Oil and Electric Light, and asked the privilege of selling its phone plant and franchise to the Chicago Telephone Company. The plea was that Chicago aldermen and presumably the citizens do not want two phone companies and hence its plant is worthless for that purpose. The Council Committee refused to act at present owing to the fact that in twenty months the city has a right to regulate phone rates, and at that time a competing phone system might be desirable.

C. A. O.

The Rainbow Road

We followed the Rainbow Road
When the storm had grumbled by,
The rainbow stood by the big east wood,
With its top against the sky.
Dot and the dog and I
(The dog with the curly tail),
And a spade to dig for our treasurer big,
A spade and a new tin pail.
Dot was the company, I in command,
And the dog went along to guard the band.

The colors came down to the ground,
Somebody told us so.
And somebody told how a pot of gold
Was hid at the end of the bow.
We hurried along, a-row,
Ready to seek and find;
I led the lot and next came Dot,
With the curly-tailed dog behind.
Dot was a girl, and so, in case
Of danger, I gave her the safest place.

Oh, we were almost there,
And we would have been rich, no doubt,
But the wind came by with a dreadful cry,
And the beautiful Bow went out.
When we turned to look about
The great black lark had come.
We ran so fast that Dot was lost,
And the dog was the first one home.
And the rainbows come and the rainbows go,
But Dot and the dog and I—we know!

Maurice Louis Nathan.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
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THE WATCH TOWER:
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THE CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

I have read the ancient story
Of the star of Bethlehem bright
Seen by shepherds in its glory
On that wondrous, far-off night.

High above the lowly manger
Hung the star to light the way
Where the baby, safe from danger,
In the arms of Mary lay.

It may be a story only,
Yet it tells of love divine,
Ancient as the ages lonely,
Tender as the stars that shine.

In our homes each baby treasure
Comes to us a Christ-child pure,
Teaching us love's fullest measure,
Love to bless and to endure.

Heavenly voices still are singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
In the mother's bosom bringing,
Joyous anthems now as then;

And the angels shall forever,
Come as once in Palestine,
Calling us to high endeavor,
Pointing us to stars divine.

Welcome, Christmas, with thy gladness,
Fill our hearts and homes with joy;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Free us from the world's alloy.

May we childlike be, and tender,
All in grace and wisdom grow,
Service to each other render,
Christ's dear love to all men show.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FOREIGN NOTES.

WHEN WOMEN SHALL VOTE.—It is not alone in England and Chicago that the "woman question," or "feminism" as the continental press term it, is to the fore. As a matter of fact in some countries, notably Switzerland for one, woman's cause is championed by men of position and ability, publicists, who with tongue and pen, unweariedly claim for her not any limited suffrage rights, ecclesiastical, educational, or municipal, but the full, unrestricted freedom of the ballot as accorded to men.

Such a thorough-going, ever-ready champion is Mr. August de Morsier of Geneva. The following paragraphs from a recent leading article by him in the *Signal de Geneve* are timely just now in Chicago:

"The truth is that in every age and in all lands, woman has ever been treated by the constitutions and codes as a minor. Men know very well that from the day when women shall have the right to express her will through the ballot box the petty calculations of egoism and contemptible political combinations will be baffled. This is the secret of their opposition.

"When women vote the penal code will not condemn to perpetual seclusion a Frida Keller, a notorious and pitiful case of condemnation for infanticide. When women vote the home worker will no longer be exploited to the last drop of blood. When women vote the State will no longer maintain houses of prostitution where the citizen can pursue his education in morals under governmental protection. When women vote the politicians and the diplomats will no longer send to the butchery of battle fields the young life-blood of the nation. When women vote we shall have no more shameful wars, due to unavowable financial transactions, like those in Manchuria and the Transvaal."

It would seem to the American onlooker that the extreme hesitation shown in Geneva about allowing women to vote on questions of church policy and management was probably due to the close relation existing between church and state, were it not that the same reluctance in certain quarters still continues now that separation is practically an accomplished fact. The *Signal de Geneve*, always a zealous champion of the rights of woman, calls attention to the fact that through the again deferring of this reform when preparing the new constitution, the reorganized National Protestant Church is left in the rear by several ecclesiastical bodies.

"Our Vaudois neighbors," it says, "have taken a position much more just and correct than ours. They have perceived that in church matters there is complete equality of the sexes, and that they had no right to refuse a voice in the Chapter to those who form by far the larger part of a pastor's congregation, and who are always to be found wherever the pastor needs assistance.

"Our National Catholic fellow citizens also have appreciated that there was an injustice to be made good and an advance step to be taken, and have given satisfaction to their sisters, who voted Sunday in the election of delegates to the Synodal Council.

Our new National Protestant Church, therefore, is behind the Vaudois Church and the National Catholics in this matter, as the old church was behind the free churches, the Christian Evangelical Association and others. This is not a thing to be proud of." M. E. H.

In the January *American Magazine*, William Allen White, the brilliant Kansas editor and novelist, begins a new series of political articles entitled "The Old Order Changeth." Following is an extract which ought to please and encourage every honest citizen:

"If the rich man votes only for the return of prosperity, and the poor man votes only for the full dinner-pail, neither should be surprised if the other tries to rob him. If we vote only for material things we shall get only material things. The man who coddles his stomach generally has a weak heart —likewise the nation. But with this nation of ours the most hopeful sign of the times is that we are beginning to get a national sense of our ailment. All doctors agree that it is the stomach and not the heart or the head of this people that is wrong. In the campaign just closed the Republicans, the Socialists, the Democrats and the Prohibitionists all proclaimed almost in unison against the further extensions of special privileges."

A remarkable story of Ghetto life in New York, appears in the same magazine. The story is by James Oppenheim, and the following is an interesting incident from it:

"The Jew doctor smiled sadly. 'Is that the kind of a physician Miss Grabo is going to be?'

"'Why not?' she challenged.

He laughed a bit.

"'Well, I guess I'm an old-fashioned doctor,' he murmured, 'for I have queer ideas about things. Do you know my definition of a doctor?'

"'What is it?'

Dr. Rast looked at her queerly.

"'Why, he's just an ordinary man, like Jesus, who lays his hand on the filth of the world's flesh, but who lays his heart and soul on—' he paused, and held his breath, 'bruised hearts and broken souls.'

"'Like Jesus?' she cried, shocked. "'You, a Jew, say that?'

"'Why not?' he smiled. 'Jesus was a Jew. And as a doctor I reverence him. He was our greatest doctor—he cured multitudes! I wish there was one such in these roaring slums.'"

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Love and Loyalty

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

PRESS OPINION

We have read it with delight. Whether judged by the standard of thought or style, it is a classic of its kind.—Westminster Review (Philadelphia).

The great glowing soul of Mr. Jones is felt on almost every page. Free lance though he is theologically, he knows how to present the Christian life to young people winningly and to show them how it touches every detail of their daily behavior. —Congregationalist.

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temperament of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—The Record-Herald (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living, and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—The Watchman (Boston, Mass.).

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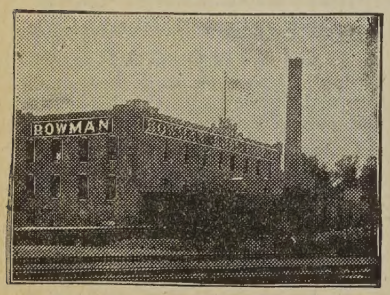

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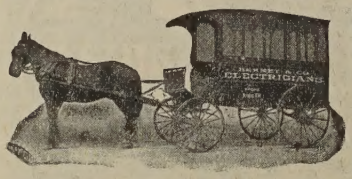

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